

EXTRACTS.

SONG OF "THE SEVEN."

(A.D.—APPARENT.)

Bad news to these factious! Tyrranous Saxon.
They shout "Orbiter! Orbiter!" five times in a minute;
It's not only resin, but slightly perplesin',
To know which a Member may speak in the Senate.

On the furrow when we rise on 'tis ready surprise!
How hard 'tis to catch that fumed eye of the Spy-
kore's;
Like Cyclops he's squatin'—shame he's prevein'!
Us talking, and make us as silent as Quakers.

Propose an amendment, we're not by reindment—
The whole House louder yell out in a chorus:
"The pinto we're not staykin', words down they are takin'."

Both sides line against us, the Whigs and the Tories;
Are useless—the States won't heed to our proochis!

Our world's unpredictable! each Member's obstreperous;
Pig-headed and crass with less brain than a midget;

The self English nation won't have bipedalism!

From Sotos like Tarnal, The Major, and Biggar;

We'll keep on in the thornies until in a wode Dublin;

Home Rule is established, then fun will be seen Sir;

Such strength and shanty and snashin' of windies;

Creaked posts, blooey noses, and wigs on the green;

Sir—

Why talk of obstructions? Who! there will be motions!

With potheen and willay will go to work guile;

Ooh! jahier and chahier—as to business, no mather;

The Macs will repile by an Orish shillagh!

—Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

The naval station at the Falklands is at Port Stanley, on the eastern island, where there is a splendid land-locked harbour, with a narrow entrance. The little port is, and has been, a haven of refuge for many a storm-beaten mariner, not merely from the fury of the elements, but also because supplies of fresh meat can be obtained there, and, indeed, everything else. Wild cattle, of old Spanish stock, roam at will over many parts of the two islands. When the writer was there, in 1862, beef was rationed at fourpence per pound, and Port Stanley being a free port, everything was very cheap.

How many boxes of cigars, pounds of tobacco, cases of Hollands, and dominoes of rum were, in consequence, taken on board by his 300 fellow-passengers would be a serious calculation. The little town has not much to recommend it. It has, of course, a Government House and a church, and barracks for the marines stationed there. It is, moreover, the head-quarters of the Falkland Islands Company, a corporation much like the Hudson's Bay Company, trading in furs and hides, and stores for ships and native trade. The three great characteristics of Port Stanley are the penguins, which abound, and are to be seen waddling in troops in its immediate vicinity, and swimming over the stones if pursued; the kelp, which is so thick and strong in the water at the edge of the bay in places, that a strong boat's crew can hardly get "way" enough out on to reach the shore; and the penguins, which would remind an Ishman of his beloved Erin. Peat is the principal fuel of the place; and what glorious fires it makes! At least, so thought a good many of the passengers who took the opportunity of living on shore during the fortnight of the vessel's stay. For about three shillings and sixpence a day one could obtain a good bed, meals of beef-steaks and joints and fresh vegetables—very welcome after the everlasting salt-junk and preserved vegetables of the ship—with the addition of hot rum and water, nearly ad libitum. Then the privilege of stretching one's legs is something after five or six week's confinement. There is duck and loon-shooting to be had, or an excursion to the light-house, a few miles from the town, where the writer found children of several years of age who had never even been told the glories of Port Stanley, and yet were happy, and near which he saw on the beach sea-trees, for "seaweed" would be a misnomer, the trunks being several feet in circumference—slippery, glutinous, marine vegetal, uprooted from the depths of ocean. Some of them would create a sensation in an aquarium.—*The Sea.*

NEW ENGLAND FARMERS.

It was in the farmhouses of the New England States that a large number of the most eminent Americans—statesmen, theologians, orators, men of science—had received their early training; and that the sons of these plain and homely farmers had not only created the great manufacturing industries which are now established in the older parts of the country, but had been among the most adventurous and successful settlers in the West. An Englishman whom I met in New York the day after I landed, said that, wherever I went, I should find that the brains came from New England; my New England friends did not make quite so strong a claim as this, but they asserted that from the farmhouses of the New England States had been derived a very large proportion of the intellectual and moral strength of the country. One of the most learned and accomplished of ministers of America, who for years had preached to a congregation of New England farmers, assured me that they were generally men of strong shrewd sense and sound judgment, rather slow in their intellectual movements, but with a healthy appreciation for solid thinking. Many of them, he assured me, had a considerable number of excellent books, and read them. On the other hand, I was told by a distinguished lawyer that the intellectual development of the farmers was seriously checked by the severity of their outdoor work. On the whole, however, the testimony which reached me from those who had the largest acquaintance with them supported the view that the New England farmers were very strongly the most favourable estimate both of their intelligence and their morals. What I heard about the farmers' wives and daughters was still more decisive. These ladies generally rise early and spend their morning in housework; but after an early dinner, which most of them cook with their own hands, they "dress," and are generally free to visit their friends or to occupy themselves with their books, their music, or their needle. They take a pride in cultivating the refinements of life. At dinner and supper the tablecloth is as white and the silver as brilliant as in the houses of wealthy merchants in Boston or New York. The farmhouses are planted so thickly over the country that evening entertainments are very numerous, and at many of these—so I was assured—the conversation is very bright and intelligent. It is a common thing for a farmer to send at least one of his boys to college, and during the vacations the lads find in their mothers and sisters the keenest sympathy with their literary ambition. One lady, who had been surrounded from her childhood by the most cultivated society in New England, told me that she knew a large number of women living in farmhouses, that she constantly corresponded with some of them, and that among the farmers' wives and daughters, there were some of the most attractive, most intelligent, and best informed women that I ever met with.

—*Green's History of the English People.*

THE WERE-WOLF IN INDIA.

As the spear possesses himself of the corn-fields by day, so to the jackals and the wolf by night. In all their excursions these brigands start from the cover of some high-standing crop, returning to them when morning dawndings, or when sudden alarm prompts to precipitate flight. Here now may be lurking the were-wolf, the Ishmael of the pack, while its kindred are swinging at a gallop (so leisurely it seems) but leaving the horse and his rider behind) across the dark shadowed ravines and through the black country, here pulling down bewildered cattle, there dashing upon some cattle sheepfold, and carrying off, slung across his strong back, a speckled kid or yearling lamb—while his kin are fighting round some carcass in the distant jungle, boldly visits the abodes of man himself, roams in its public places and along his roads, loiters in his pleasure grounds, passes like a lost shadow across his quiet lawn, haunts his verandahs, perhaps even steals into his carpeted rooms. 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